

HOARE
The Spoiled Child

A
A
0
0
1
4
2
4
4
1
4
9

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

PR
4790
H47 S7

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. CXXXIII

THE
SPOILED CHILD:

A FARCE,
IN TWO ACTS.

BY
PRINCE HOARE.

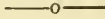
AS PERFORMED IN THE LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

▲ Description of the Costume Cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions, and the whole of the Stage Business.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU-STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.—(THE SPOILED CHILD.)



	PARK, 1830. .	BOWERY, 1850.
OLD PICKLE.	Jones	Glenn
LITTLE PICKLE,	Miss Clara Fisher	Miss S. Denin
TAGG,	Placido	Winans
JOHN,	Povey	Jordan
THOMAS,	Hayden	Rose
RICHARD,	King	Rogers
WILLIAM,	Collet	Armand
MISS PICKLE,	Mrs. Wheatley	Mrs. Broadley
MARIA,	Mrs. Godey	Miss K. Dennin
SUSAN,	Miss Brundage	Mrs. Yeomans
MARGERY,	Mrs. Durie	Mrs. Stone



COSTUMES.

Little Pickle, Jacket and trowsers, ruff. 2nd, Ragged. *Old Pickle*, Old man's pepper and salt coat vest and breeches. *Tugg*, Black light pants, black coat much delapidated. *John*, Farmer's frock and breeche. *Miss Pickle*, Figured satin overdress, quilted petticoat, cap, &c. *Maria*, White muslin skirt with pantelettes ribbons, &c. *Margery*, Dark common old woman's dress.⁷

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.



*. *The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

PR
4790
447 S7

THE SPOILED CHILD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A dining parlor*—PICKLE and sister sitting by a table, on which plates are laid for dinner, the sister working.

Old P. Well, well, sister, a little patience, and these holidays will be over; the boy then goes to school, and all will be quiet.

Miss P. Ay, till the next breaking up. No, no, brother, unless he is severely punished for what he has already done, depend upon it, this vicious humor will be confirmed into habit, and his follies increase in proportion with his years.

Old P. Now, would not any one think, to hear you talk, that my son was a thief, or had actually some vice in him. For my part, I don't pretend to justify or excuse his excesses; yet I own there is something so whimsical in all his tricks, that I can't in my heart but forgive him; ay, and for aught I know, love him too, the better into the bargain.

Miss P. Yes, truly, because you never have been a sufferer by them. Had you been rendered ridiculous, as I have been by his tricks, as you call them, you would have been the first to complain and punish.

Old P. Nay, as to that, he has not spared even me, his father; I too have been the butt of his mirth! is there a day passes that I don't break my shins over stumbling blocks, that he lays in my way? so that I live as if I were in an enemy's country—mines all over the rooms, and ambuscades in every passage.

Miss P. Your house too, turned inside out ; the table broke, the furniture spoiled.

Old P. Furniture spoiled ! why there is not a door but is armed with a bason of water on top, and left just a-jar, so that egad I can't walk over my own house, without running the risk of being wet through.

Miss P. Yet, you still pardon and forgive him, and forgive and pardon ; till your authority will become as ridiculous in his eyes, as your childish partiality is already in those of all your acquaintance. But no wonder, the child's spoiled, since you superintend his education yourself—you indeed !

Old P. Sister, sister, don't provoke me ; at any rate I have wit enough to conceal my ignorance. I don't pretend to write verses and nonsense as some folks do.

Miss P. Now would you rail at me for the disposition I was born with ? can I help it, if the gods have made me poetical, as the divine bard says ?

Old P. Made you poetical indeed ! you have made yourself the dupe of every rhyming puppy. Blood, if from your birth, you had any claim to this ; if you had been born in a street near a college ; ay, or even next door to a day school, I might not have been so surprised. But, damn it, madam, in the middle of the minories, what had you to do with poetry and stuff ?

Miss P. Provoking ignorance !

Old P. Have not you rendered yourself the sneer of all your acquaintance ? are your best and dearest friends ever so happy as when they are amusing and laughing at you, with your refined intercourse with Mr. Tagg, the author, a fellow that strolls about the country, spouting and acting in every barn he comes to ? was not he once found concealed in your closet, to the utter scandal of my house, and the ruin of your reputation ?

Miss P. If you had the smallest spark of taste, you would admire the effusions of Mr. Tagg's pen ; and be enchanted at his admirable acting as much as I am.

Old P. D'ye tell me I can't educate my own child ? why I can make a lord chancellor, or an archbishop of Canterbury of him, which ever I like, just as I please.

(*In repeating the last words, Pickle leans upon the table, which suddenly slides to the end of the stage. Pickle falls down.*)

Miss P. How's this ! I'll lay my life, this is another trick of that little mischievous wretch.

Old P. An ungrateful little rascal ! to serve me such a trick, just as I had made an archbishop of him ! but as he can't be far off, I'll immediately correct him. Here, Thomas—(*going out, he meets Thomas and servants bringing in dinner*) But, adso, here's dinner : well, I'll defer my severity till that's over : but if I don't make him suffer for this trick, say my name is not Pickle. (*They sit down to table, Pickle cuts up the pheasant.*) Sister, this is the first pheasant we have had this season—it looks well ; shall I help you ? they say anger makes a man dry, but mine has made me hungry. Sister, here's a wing for you, and some of the breast.

Enter SUSAN, a cook maid, in haste.

Susan. Oh dear, sir ! oh dear ma'am ! oh dear, stop !

Old P. Stop, sir—madam—why, what ails the girl ? what's the matter ?

Susan. Oh, sir, my young master—ma'am the parrot—ma'am—oh dear !

Old P. Parrot, and young master ! what the devil does the girl mean ?

Miss P. Mean ! why as sure as I live, that vile boy has been hurting my poor bird. (*gets up*)

Susan. Hurting ! no indeed, ma'am ; I'll tell you the whole truth ; I was not to blame, indeed I was not, ma'am ; besides I am morally certain, 'twas the strange cat that kill'd it this morning.

Miss P. How ! kill'd it, say you ? go on, let's hear.

Susan. Why, ma'am, the truth is—I did but just step out of the kitchen for a moment, but in comes my young master, whips the pheasant that was roasting for dinner, from off the spit, and claps down your ladyship's parrot, pick'd and trussed in its place.

Old P. The parrot—the devil !

Miss P. Oh ! the monster—savage—my poor dear creature !

Old P. What the plague ! a young dog—did he want to poison us with old Poll.

Susan. And so, ma'am, I kept a basting, and a basting, and never thought I was basting poor Poll, till just now, I found the pheasant, and all the parrot's feathers, hid in the kitchen cupboard.

Miss P. Oh my sweet, my beautiful young bird—I had just taught it to talk too !

Old P. You taught it to talk! it taught you to talk, you mean. I'm sure it was old enough, for it was hatched in the hard frost.

Miss P. Well, brother, what excuse now; but run, Susan and d'ye hear, take John and——

Enter JOHN, slowly and lame, his face and leg bound up.

Oh John, here is a piece of business!

John, (in a country dialect) Ay, ma'am, sure eno' what, you have heard, I see; business indeed, ma'am: the poor thing will never recover

Miss P. (joyfully) What, John, is it a mistake of Susan's—is it still alive? but where, where is it, John?

John. Safe in stable, an' it was as sound—made her a hot mash would not touch it; so crippled, will never have a leg to put to ground again!

Old P. No, I'll swear to that—for here's one of them. (*holding up a leg upon a fork*)

Miss P. What does the fool mean? hot mash and stable—tell me of the parrot, stupid.

John. (drawling) Parrot, ma'am!

Miss P. Speak, idiot: what, what is in the stable; what are you talking of?

John. Master's favorite mare Daisy, ma'am, poor thung.

Old P. (alarmed) What! how! any thing the matter with Daisy—I would not part with her, for——

John. Ay, sir, quite done up—won't fetch five pound, at next fair.

Aisi P. This dunce's ignorance distracts me; come along, Susan. [*exit.*]

Old P. Why, what can it be; what the devil ails her?

John. Why, sir, the long and short of the whole affair is, as how—he's cut me too, all across the face—mercy if I don't lose my eye.

Old P. This cursed fellow, will drive me mad, the mare, the mare, you scoundrel, the mare!

John. Yes, sir, the mare—then, too, my shins; master Salve, the surgeon, says I must noint them wi——

Old P. Plague of your shins you dog; what's the matter with the mare?

John. Well, sir, then, as I was coming home this morning with letters ; moreover, I had the charge of a message to your honor from the two magpies.

Old P. Well, well, I know—go on.

John. Coming over Black Down, what does I see, but young master tearing over the turf upon Daisy, so I calls to him to stop—tho'f your honor had forbid him to ride her—but what does he, but smack his whip full in my face, and dash over the gate into Stoney lane.

Old P. Stoney lane—well, what—and so——

John. Well, sir, I'll tell you, farmer Flail met them, and had but just time to save himself in a hedge, before smack, mare and master comes down over a stone heap.

Old P. Oh, ruined ! undone !

John. Ay, sir : poor thing, she'll never crawl again, so cut, but what's the worst of the story——

Old P. What ! any thing worse ? how ! hey what ?

John. Oh yes, sir, much worse ; when I rated him about it, he snatches up Tom Carter's long whip, and lays me so over the legs ; and before I could catch hold of him, he slipt out of the stable, and was off like a shot.

Old P. Well, if ever I forgive him this—no, I'll send him this moment back to school—school, zounds, I'll send him to sea.

Enter Miss Pickle.

Miss P. Well, brother, here comes your precious child ; he's muttering all the way up stairs to himself ; some fresh mischief, I warrant.

Old P. Ay, here he comes : stand back, let's watch him ; though I never can contain my passion long.

(They retire up stage.)

Enter Little Pickle.

Lit. P. Well, so far all goes on rarely. Dinner must be near ready. Old Poll will taste well, I dare say—parrot and bread sauce ; they suppose they are going to have a nice young pheasant ; an old parrot's a great rarity, I'm sure, I can't help thinking how devilish tough the drumsticks will be—a fine piece of work aunt will make, when 'tis found out ; ecod, for aught I know, that may be better far than t'other—no doubt, Sukey will tell,

and John too, about the horse ; a parcel of sneaking fellows always tell, tell, tell, I only wish I could catch 'em at school once, that's all—I'd pay 'em well for it, I'd be bound. Oh, ho, here they are, and as I live, my father and aunt—it's all out, I sec—to be sure I've not got into a fine scrape now. I almost wish I was safe back at school again. (*They come forward.*) Oh sir, how do you do sir ; I was just coming to—

Old P. Come, come, no fooling now ; how dare you look me in the face after the mischief you have done.

Lit. P. Mischief, sir, what mischief ? but pray tell me sir, what have I done ?

Old P. This impudence provokes me beyond all—is it nothing to behave as you do ? distract my house, beat my servants ; will nothing but my ruin satisfy you. You know the value I set upon that mare you have spoil'd forever.

Lit. P. But, sir, hear me—indeed I was not so much to blame, sir, not so very much.

Miss P. Dont aggravate your faults, by pretending to excuse them : no, thank heaven, nothing can make me good-humored again—never, never, sirrah, how was it ?

Lit. P. Dear sir, I own I was unfortunate ; but I had heard you often complain how wild and vicious Daisy was ; and indeed, sir, I never saw you ride her, but I trembled lest some sad accident might befall you.

Old P. Well, and what's all this to the purpose ?

Lit. P. And so, sir, I resolved, sooner than you should suffer, to venture my own neck, and so try to tame her for you ; that was all, sir ! and so I was no sooner mounted, but off she set—I could not help that, you know, sir, and so this misfortune happened—but indeed, sir—

Old P. Come, child, don't deceive me ; could I be sure this was your motive—

Lit. P. Indeed, indeed, sir—

Old P. And that it is purely love and regard to your old father, that makes you thus tease and torment him ? perhaps I might be inclined to—

John. Yes, sir ; but 'twas no love and regard to I, made him be at me so.

Lit. P. John, you know you were to blame ; sir, indeed the truth is, John was scolding me for it, and when I told him as I

have told you, why I did it, he said that it was no business of mine, and that if your neck was broke, 'twas no such great matter—

Old P. What, no matter to have my neck broke?

Lit. P. No, sir, so he said; and I was vexed to hear him speak so of you; and I believe I might take up the whip, and gave him a cut or two on the legs; it could not hurt him much.

Old P. Well, child, I believe I must forgive you, and so shall John too—there he is sorry he has hurt you and will contrive to requite you some way or other, I warrant.

Miss P. And so, my injuries are to remain unredressed, but I will not be so treated; unless your boy is sent away instantly, I'll quit your house.

Old P. Ay, ay, I had forgot poor Poll; what did you roast the parrot for, you young dog?

Lit. P. Why, sir, I knew you and my aunt were so fond of it, that I thought she would like to see it well dressed; but, dear aunt you must be angry with me, and you think, with reason.

Miss P. Don't speak to me; I am not so weak as your father, whatever you may think.

Lit. P. But, indeed, aunt, you must hear me; had I not loved you as I do, I should not have thus offended you; but 'twas merely my regard for your character.

John. Character!—ha, ha!

[*Little Pickle beats John off, and returns.*]

Lit. P. Why, dear aunt, I always heard that ladies never kept parrots or lap-dogs, till they could no longer keep their lovers; and when at school, I told 'em you had a parrot, the boys all said, then you must be a foolish old maid.

Miss P. Indeed! impudent young wretches!

Lit. P. Yes, aunt, and so I resolved you should no longer be thought so; for I think you are a great deal too young, and too handsome, for an old maid.

[*Taking her hand.*]

Old P. Come, sister, faith you must forgive him; no female heart can withstand that.

Miss P. Brother, you know I can forgive where I see occasion; but though these faults are thus excused, how will you answer to a charge of scandal and ill-nature?

Lit. P. Ill-nature, madam! I'm sure nobody can accuse me of that.

Miss P. How will you justify the report you spread of my being locked up in my closet with Mr. Tagg, the author; can you defend so vile an attempt to injure my dear reputation?

Old P. What! that too, I suppose, was from your care of her character; and so to hinder your aunt from being thought an old maid, you locked her up in her closet, with this author, as he is called.

Lit. P. Nay, indeed, dear madam, I beseech you, 'twas no such thing—all I said was, you were amusing yourself in your closet, with a favorite author.

Miss P. I amuse myself in my closet with a favorite author—worse and worse.

Old P. Sister, have patience—hear.

Miss P. I am ashamed to hear you support the boy in such insolence, I indeed who am scrupulous to a fault; but no longer will I remain subject to such impertinence. I'll quit your house, sir, and you shall quit all claim to my fortune. This moment I will alter my will, and leave my money to a stranger, sooner than to your family. [*exit*

Old P. Leave my house and her money to a stranger—oh, the three per cent consols! oh the India stock!—go, go, child, fly, throw yourself at your aunt's feet, implore her pardon—say any thing to please her—I shall run distracted! oh, those consols!

Lit. P. I am gone, sir; shall I say she may die as soon as she pleases; but she must not leave her money to a stranger.

[*exit laughing*]

Old P. Ay, ay, there's a good boy; say any thing to please her, that will do very well, say she may die as soon as she pleases; but she must not leave her money to a stranger. Sure, never was man so tormented. Well, I thought when my poor dear wife, Mrs. Pickle died, and left me a disconsolate widower, I stood some chance of being a happy man; but I know not how it is, I could bear the vexation of my wife's bad temper, better than this woman's;—all my married friends were as miserable as myself, that was some relief, but now, faith here she comes, and in fine ill humor no doubt.

Enter MISS PICKLE.

Miss P. Brother, I have given directions for my departure, and am now come to tell you, I will persist in my design unless you this moment adopt the scheme I yesterday proposed for my nephew's amendment.

Old P. Why, my dear sister, you know there is nothing I would not do to satisfy and appease you; but for Heaven's sake, reflect on what a dangerous experiment you are now driving me—to abandon my only child; to pretend that he is not mine, and to receive a beggar's brat into my arms, impossible.

Miss P. Very well, sir, then I am gone. [going]

Old P. Stop, sister, stop—was ever man so used; how long is this scheme of yours to last? how long am I to be deprived of him?

Miss P. How long; why, until he is brought duly to reflect on his bad behavior, which nothing will induce him to do, as soon as thinking himself no longer your son, but the child of poor parents. I yesterday spoke to Margaret, his old nurse, and she fully comprehends the whole affair.

Old P. But why, in addition to the quitting my own child, am I to have the torment of receiving hers. Won't the sending him away be sufficient.

Miss P. Unless the plot is managed my way, I will have nothing to say to it, but be gone. Can't you see that his distress, at losing his situation, will be augmented by seeing it possessed by another. Come, come, brother, a week's purgatory will reform him, depend upon it.

Old P. Why to be sure, as you say, 'twill reform him, and as we shall have our eyes upon him all the while,—and Margaret was his own nurse.

Miss P. You may be sure she will take care of him; well, since she is settled, the sooner 'tis done the better.—I'll send for him this moment.

Old P. I see you are finally resolved, and no other way will content you—well, heaven protect my poor child.

Enter LITTLE PICKLE.

Lit. P. Did you send for me, aunt?

Old P. Child, come hither; I have a secret to disclose to you, at which you will be surprised.

Lit. P. A secret, sir!

Miss P. Yes, and one which requires your utmost courage to

hear—you are no longer to consider that person as your father—he is not so. Margaret, who nursed you, has confessed, and the thing is sufficiently proved, that you are not his son, but hers; she exchanged you, when an infant, for my real nephew; and her conscience has at last, compelled her to make the discovery.

Lit. P. I another person's child! impossible! ah, you are only joking with me now, to see whether I love you or not; but indeed, I am yours—my heart tells me I am only, only yours.

Old P. I am afraid you deceive yourself; there can be no doubt of the truth of Margaret's account.

Lit. P. Good heavens dear sir, don't say so—I will not believe it—it can never be—must I then give up all I respect and love to the possession of another? believe me, sir, it is not the splendor of riches I repine at quitting: 'tis the happiness I never till now felt half the value of—the happiness of calling you father.

Old P. Assure yourself of our protection; but no longer can you remain in this house. I must not do an injury to my own child: you belong to others, to them you must now go; for I here declare you are not my child.

Lit. P. Will not my sorrow, my tears, atone for my faults—sweet is the look of repentance in the heart resolved never to offend again—let it then now plead for me; yet sir, for an instant hear me—pity me—can you resolve to turn from your presence one, once so beloved—can you so soon forget how often you have pressed me to your heart, and swore I was dearer to you than your life. What! no answer?—dear aunt, if yet I dare to call you so, intercede in my behalf. Heavens! she knows me not; indeed I can scarcely repent having ever used you ill—I know you must hate me, but believe me, I never had any ill will or malice toward you. (*They weep*) Ah, then, too sure, I know that I am not your child—or would distress which draws tears of pity, fail to move nature in you?

Miss P. Comfort yourself: we must ever consider you with compassion and regard: but now you must be gone.—Margaret is waiting without to receive you.

Lit. P. Then farewell—I must away; but at least forgive me; pardon the faults I have committed: you cannot sure, in pity, deny me that.

SONG—LITTLE PICKLE.

Since then I'm doomed this sad reverse to prove,
 To quit each object of my infant care :
 Torn from an honored parent's tender love,
 And driven the keenest storms of fate to bear,
 Ah, then forgive me, pitied let me part,
 Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

Oft have you said I was your only joy ;
 Ah, wretch to forfeit such an envied bliss ;
 You too have deigned to call me darling boy,
 And owned your fondness with a mother's kiss,
 Ah then forgive me, &c.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
 Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here ;
 Perhaps, when musing o'er my cruel fate,
 You still may greet me with a tender tear.
 Ah then forgive, &c.

[*exceunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A parlor.**Enter Miss PICKLE and MARGERY.*

Mar. And so, as I was telling your ladyship, poor little master does so take it to heart, and so weep and wail it almost makes me cry to hear him.

Miss P. Well, since he begins already to repent, his punishment shall be but short ; but have you brought your boy with you ?

Mar. Ay, have I—poor Tommy ; he came from aboard a ship, but now ; and is so grown and altered—sure enough, he believes every word I have told him, as your honor ordered me—and I warrant he is so sheepish and shamefaced—but here comes my master, he has heard it already—

Enter Old PICKLE.

But my lady, shall I fetch my poor Tommy to you ?—he's waiting without.

Old P. What, that ill-looking young rascal in the hall—he with the jacket and trowsers ?

Mar. Ay, your honor. What, then you have seen him ?

Old P. Seen him, ay, and felt him too—the booby met me

bolt at the corner—run his cursed carrotty pole full in my face, and has loosened half the teeth in my head, I believe.

Mar. Poor lad, he's a sailor and but awkward as yet, and so shy I warrant ye ;—but will your honor be kind to him ?

Old P. Kind to him—why I am to pass for his father, am not I ?

Mar. Ay, I wish your honor had been poor Tommy's father : but no such luck for me, as I say to my husband.

Old P. Indeed your husband is very much obliged to you, and so am I.

Mar. And is he then to be a fine young gentleman, and your honor's son ?

Old P. Eh, what, my son ? no, no, not so. I shall have this cursed Tommy palmed upon me, by and by, for my own child.

Miss P. Why, brother ; the woman knows that well enough already. Has she not had her instructions from me ?

Mar. Yes, I know 'tis only make believe : but do your honor, let me see my poor Tommy once dressed in his fine smart clothes ?

Old P. Damn me, I don't half like that Tommy.

Miss P. But now go and fetch him here to us—I should like much to see him.

Mar. Do you, madam, speak kindly to him ; for my poor boy, is so daunted, he'll never dare look in your honor's face.

Old P. Face ! I hope he won't look quite so close to mine again.

Mar. He's quite dashed, indeed, madam. *(exit*

Old P. Yes, and he has dashed some of my teeth out, plague on him.

Miss P. Now, Mr. Pickle, I insist upon you observing a proper decorum and behaviour towards this poor lad—observe the condescension of my deportment. Methinks I feel a strange inclination already in his favor ; perhaps I may advance him, by and by, to me my page ; shall I, brother ?—oh here he comes, and I declare, as prepossessing a countenance as ever I saw.

Enter little PICKLE, dressed like a sailor, with MARGERY.

Miss P. Come hither, child—was there ever such an engaging air.

Mar. Go, Tommy do as you are bid, there's a good boy ; thank his honor for his goodness to you

Lit. P. Be you the old fellow that's just come to be my father ?

Old P. (aside) Old fellow ! he's devilish dashed, to be sure—down in the mouth, quotha—the most impudent young dog I ever saw—yes, I am the old fellow, as you call it—will you be a good child ?

Lit. P. Ay, but what will you give me—must I be a good boy for nothing ?

Old P. [mimicking] Good for nothing ! nay, that I'll swear you are already : but I must dissemble a little. [*aside*] Well, and how long have you been come home from sea, eh ? how do you like a sailor's life ?

SONG.—LITTLE PICKLE.

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, sir,
Of all the lives I ever led,
A sailor's life for me, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo ! yeo, yeo, yeo !
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
We o'er the ocean roam, sir,
In every clime we find a port,
In every port a home, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh
Each hastens to his gun, sir,
We make the boasting Frenchman fly
And bang the haughty dons, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdued, once more on shore,
We spend our cash with glee, sir,
And when all's gone, we drown our care,
And out again to sea, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo ! yeo, yeo, yeo !
And when all's gone, again to sea,
With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.

Old P. So this is the way I'm to be entertained in future, with fore-castle jokes, and tarpaulin songs.

Miss P. Brother, do not speak so harshly to the poor lad ; he's amongst strangers, and wants encouragement. Come to me, my pretty boy, I'll be your friend.

Lit P. Friend! Here's an old hulk. Oh, what, you're my grandmother—father, must I not call her granny?

Miss P. Grandmother! is this stupidity or impudence?

Old P. What, he wants encouragement, sister—yes, poor soul, he's amongst strangers; he's found out one relation, however, sister. This boy's assurance diverts me; I like him. [*aside*]

Lit P. Here's a squall coming! granny's mortish cross. La, father, what makes your mother there, look so foul-weathered?

Miss P. Mother, indeed!

Old P. Oh, nothing at all, my dear, she's the best humored person in the world; go throw yourself at her feet and ask her for her blessing—perhaps she may give you something.

Lit P. A blessing! I shan't be much richer for that neither; I'll throw myself at her feet and ask her for a guinea—[*kneels*—dear granny, give me your watch. [*catches hold of it.*] La, what a pretty one!

Miss P. Stand off, wretch—am I to be robbed, as well as insulted?

Mar. Fie, child; learn to behave better.

Lit P. Behave myself, you old witch—learn you to behave better yourself. What do you do here? up with your helm, and sheer off—cut and run, you old hag. (*Beats her off.*) I am a young gentleman, now, and must not remember poor relations.

(*Exit.*)

Old P. Well, sister, this plan of yours succeeds, I hope, to your satisfaction. He'll make a mighty pretty page, sister—what an engaging air he has, sister. This is some revenge for her treatment of my poor boy. (*Aside.*)

Miss P. You may well triumph in the success of your mean artifices. I perceive this to be all a contrivance, and the boy is taught to insult me thus—but, sir, others may know my value, though you chose to remain in ignorance of it; and ere long, sir, I can tell you, you may repent of this unparalleled treatment of unprotected innocence.

(*Exit.*)

Old P. Others know her value! what, she means her lover, the player-man, I suppose— but I'll watch her, and her consols too; and if I catch him again in my house, it shall be his last appearance this season, I can tell him that; and the next part he plays shall be Captain Macheath, in the prison scene, egad. (*Exit.*)

Enter Little PICKLE.

Lit. P. There they go—ha, ha, ha! my scheme has gone on rarely, rather better than their's, I think—blessings on the old nurse for consenting to it. I'll teach them to turn people out of doors. Let me see, what trick shall I play them now—suppose I set the house on fire? no, no, 'tis too soon for that as yet—that will do very well by and by.—Let me consider—I wish I could see my sister, I'd discover myself to her, and then we might contrive something together nicely—that stair-case leads to her room; I'll try and call her. [*goes to the door and listens.*] There's no body in the way, hist, hist; Maria, Maria: she hears me—she's coming this way [*runs and hides himself.*]

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Sure somebody called me, [*looks round*] no, there's nobody here; heighho, I've almost cry'd myself blind about my poor brother, for so I shall always call him, ay, and love him too. Well, I'll e'en go back and lock myself up in my room, and not see the stupid wretch they have taken into the house, I am resolved. (*Going.*)

Lit. P. [*Running forward.*] Maria, sister, stop an instant.

Maria. How's this—Maria! sister!

Lit. P. What, don't you know me then; can you so soon have forgotten your brother?

Maria. My brother Charles, impossible!

Lit. P. 'Tis e'en so, faith; 'twas all a trick about the nurse and child; I coaxed the old woman to confess the whole to me—borrowed this dress as you see, and am returned to plague 'em a little now—that's all. But now you and I must consult together how to revenge ourselves; I'll let 'em see who's the best at tricking.

Maria. Dear Charles, I'm so glad and overjoyed!

Lit. P. Well, well, be glad and overjoyed when you are more at leisure: for now we must proceed to business—let me see—how shall we vex them? what shall it be? you can't contrive to kill yourself for the loss of me, can you? that would have a fine effect. Is there nothing I can think of? suppose you pretend to fall in love with me, and we run away together?

Maria. That will do admirably. Depend upon my playing my part with a good will: for I owe them some revenge for their treatment of you; besides, you know I can refuse you nothing.

Enter Old PICKLE, behind.

Lit. P. Thank you a thousand times my dearest Maria ; thus then we'll contrive it. (*seeing old Pickle coming behind, they pretend to whisper.*)

Old P. What ! how's this ? dear Maria, and I'll refuse you nothing. Death and the devil ! my daughter has fallen in love with that young scoundrel, and his yeo, yeo, yeo ; see too, they embrace. [*Comes forward.*] Mighty well, young madam, 'tis mighty well, but come, you shall be locked up immediately ! and you, you yougd rascal, shall be whipped out of the house.

Lit. P. Avast, you're taken all a back there ; we will not part ; here's my anchor fixed. Here I am, moored for ever.

(*Old Pickle takes hold of her hand to take her away ; she resists, and Little Pickle detains her by the other hand.*)

Maria. No, we'll never part. Oh, cruel fate !

Old P. He's infected her with his assurance already. What, you young minx, do you own you love him ?

Maria. Love him, sir I adore him ; and in spite of your utmost opposition, ever, ever shall. Oh, sir, (*kneels*) let me now confess to you, the inmost secret of my breaking heart ; I have long loved him ; long have I felt the resistless passion ; long have I known——

Old P. (*interrupting her.*) Oh, ruined ! undone ! what a wretched old man I am : but, Maria, child——

Maria. Think not to dissuade me, sir—vain attempt ! no, sir, my affections are fixed, irrevocably fixed, never to be recalled.

Old P. Oh dear, what shall I do ? what will become of me ? but how is this, you young villain ; how have you dared to talk to her thus ? oh, a plague on all my plots ; I've lost my daughter, and for aught I know, my son too. Why, child, he is a poor beggar, he's not worth a sixpence.

Maria. My soul abhors so low a thought ! I despise wealth—know, sir, I cherish nobler sentiments ;

The generous youth shall own,
I loved him for himself alone,

Old P. What, poetry, nay, then 'tis time to prevent further mischief—go to your room ; a good key shall insure your safety ;

and this young rascal shall go back to sea, and his yeo, yeo, yeo, if he will.

Maria. I obey your harsh commands, sir, and am gone ; but, alas, I leave my heart behind me.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Old P. Now, for you ; don't look so audacious, sirrah, don't fancy you belong to me ; I utterly disclaim you.

Lit. P. (*Laughing.*) But that's rather too late, now ; there's a squall ; steer small, old one, you have publicly said I was your son, and damme, I'll make you stand to it, sir.

Old P. The devil—here's an affair—John, Thomas, William, Susan ; I shall be bullied, pressed, and murdered for aught I know, by this young pirate.

Lit. P. No, no, I'll not lose so good a father ; one so kind to me—

Enter servants.

Old P. Take that fellow, and turn out him of doors immediately ; take him, I say.

Servants. Fellow ! who, sir ?

Old P. Who, why zounds, don't you see him ?

John. What, my new young master ! no, sir, I've turned one out already, I'll turn out no more.

Lit. P. That's my hearty ; giv's your hand, shipmate. (*Shakes hands.*)

Old P. He is not your young master ; he's no son of mine ; away with him, I say.

Susan. Why, sir, did not you tell us but now, that old Margery's child was your real son ; and is not that he ? did not my lady tell us all, we were to look upon him as her nephew ?

John. Why, master only does this to try us, and see whether we mind his orders or not.

Servants. Ay, ay, that's all, that's it.

Susan. No, sir, we know our young master too well, for all that—not your son, why he's like your honor, as one pea is like another.

Lit. P. That's my good girl. (*Kisses Susan.*)

John. Ay, heaven bless him ; and may he shortly succeed your honor, in your estate and fortune.

[*Exeunt servants.*]

Old P. Rogues, villains ! I am abused, robbed ; there's a conspiracy formed against me ; and this little pirate is at the head of the gang.

Lit. P. Nice and no near, messmate ; you see you're all out in your dead reckoning ; your sun's under a cloud, and your observation not worth a rope's end.

Enter servant with a letter.

Old P. Odso, but here's a letter from my poor boy. I see ; this is comfort indeed. Well, I'll send for him home without further delay. (*Reads.*)

' Honored sir,

' I heartily repent of having so far abused your goodness whilst I was blest with your protection ; but as I fear no penitence will ever restore me to your favor, I have resolved to put it out of my power again to offend you, by instantly bidding adieu to my country for ever.'

How's this ? adieu to his country for ever. Here, John, run ; go directly to Margery, and fetch home my son, and—

Lit. P. You may save yourself the trouble, 'tis too late—you'll never bring him to now, make as many signals or fire as many guns as you please.

Old P. What do you mean ?

Lit. P. Mean ! why he and I have changed births, you know.

Old P. Changed births !

Lit. P. Ay, I'm got into his hammock, and he's got into mine, that's all ; he's some leagues off at sea by this time ; for the tide serves, and the wind's fair ; Botany-bay's the word, my boys.

(*Exit singing yeo.*)

Old P. Botany-bay ! well, then my misery is indeed complete ; will nobody do me the kindness to shoot me through the head—unhappy Pickle ; but I'll instantly see about this myself ; and if 'tis true, why I'll come back just to blow your brains out, and so be either hanged or sent to Botany-bay, after him.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A garden, a seat in a bower.*

Enter Miss Pickle.

Miss P. This is the hour of my appointment with Mr. Tagg, and my brother's absence is favorable indeed. Well, after such

treatment, can he be surprised if I throw myself into the arms of so passionate an admirer. My fluttering little heart tells me, this is an important crisis in my happiness; how much these vile men have to answer for, in thus bewitching us silly girls.

Tagg behind the scenes.

The heavy hours are past
That part my love and me, (*enters*)
My longing, eyes may hope at last
Their only joy to see.

Thus most charming of her sex, do I prostrate myself before the shrine of your beauty. (*Kneels.*)

Miss P. Mr. Tagg, I have seized this opportunity to meet you; but why, my dear Mr. Tagg, will you persist? I never can be yours.

Tagg. And is then my happiness a dream, an airy nothing, a phantom? oh, barbarous fair one! pity a wretch whose only crime is love. If I am mad, 'tis you have made me so, adorable lovely—what shall I call you? thou most beautiful Ophelia.

Miss P. Indeed, Mr. Tagg, you make me blush with your compliments.

Tagg. Compliments! oh call not, by that hacknied term, the voice of truth—lovely nymph, ah, deign to hear me! I'll teach you what it is to love—oh, of Leinster famed for maidens fair.

Miss P. Love! dear Mr. Tagg, oh moderate your transports, be advised, think no more of this fatal passion.

Tagg. Think no more of it! can love be controlled by advice?

Miss P. Will Cupid our mothers obey,
Though my heart was as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.

Tagg. Oh, then, consent, my angel, to join our hearts in one, or give me death in a bumper.

Miss P. Can I refuse any thing to such a lover. (*Aside*) But were I, my dear friend, to consent to our tender union, how could we contrive our escape? my brother's vigilance would overtake us, and you might have reason to repent his anger.

Tagg. Oh, he's a goth, a mere vandyke, my love,
Say what men will, wedlock's a pill
Bitter to swallow and hard of digestion:

But fear makes the danger seem double,
 Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble—

I have contrived the plot, and every scene of the elopement, but in this shady blest retreat, will I unfold it all—let's sit down like Jessica, and the fair Lorenza, here—

Would you taste the noontide air
 To yon fragrant bower repair.

(they sit down in the bower.)

Since music is the food of love, we'll to the nightingale's complaining note,

Tune our distresses, and record our throats.

(While Tagg is speaking, little Pickle steals around the stage, gets behind the bower and sews their clothes together; then goes out unperceived.)

Miss P. Oh, I could listen thus forever to the united charms of love and harmony, but how are we to plan our escape?

Tagg. In a mean and low attire muffled up in a great coat, and distinguished with a large hat will I await you, in this happy spot; but why my soul, why not this instant fly? this moment will I seize upon my tender bit of lamb—I had her there as dead as mutton. *(Aside)*

Miss P. No, I'm not yet equipped for an elopement, and what's of more consequence still, I have not got with me a casket of jewels, I have prepared, rather too valuable to leave behind.

Tagg. That is indeed of some consequence to me. *(Aside)*

My diamond, my pearl,
 Then be a good girl
 Until I come to you again.

Here then will I remain, until my charmer returns again to bless my longing sight.

Miss P. Remain here, not for the universe; my brother may find you here on his return; no, you shall go and come back again in the disguise immediately; and if fortune favors faithful lovers' vows, I will contrive to slip out to you.

Tagg. Dispose of me as you please, lovely creature, but don't forget the casket.

Enter Little PICKLE, running.

Lit. P. Granny, granny.

Tagg. Granny ! what the devil does the fellow mean by granny ?

Miss P. What rude interruption is this ?

Lit. P. Oh, nothing at all, only father's coming, that's all.

Tagg. (*Both get up.*) The devil he is ; what a catastrophe !

Miss P. Such an eclaircissement ; one last adieu. [*They embrace*]

Lit. P. Here he comes, here he comes.

Miss P. Think you, we shall ever meet again ? [*Find they are fastened, struggle*]

Tagg. Damme, if I think we shall ever part.

Miss P. Don't detain me. Won't you let me go ? [*Tenderly*]

Tagg. Go ! zounds, I wish you were to the devil.

[*They struggle ; Miss Pickle tears off the skirts of Tagg's coat ; they run off different ways.*]

Enter Old PICKLE.

Old P. Well, well, all's not so bad as I feared ; he's not yet gone to sea, and Margery assures me I shall see him ere long ; and she says, so changed, quite another thing from what he was ; such an alteration ! but now let me look after my sister ; thought she made me play the fool, I'll take care to prevent her. I must not give up the consols so : but adso, I have not seen my daughter, what a number of cares my poor brain has to perplex it ; well, I'll to her first, least young yeo, yeo, yeo, should really let her shipt off, as she pretended my poor boy was, and when we've secured fifteen, I'll look after fifty. But who is coming here ; I'll conceal myself and watch.

Enter Miss PICKLE, with a casket.

Miss P. Mr. Tagg, Mr. Tagg, [*passing over stage to bower*] I hope he's returned ; how I tremble. Kind Cupid guide your votary's feeble steps, [*catches hold of Little Pickle, who is behind the bower.*] Oh, my dear Mr. Tagg, take the casket, and let us begone ; let's make haste that we may escape before my brother comes back—he shall find an empty house for me, I can tell him that.

Lit P. [*kissing her hand.*] This way, this way—[*runs towards Old Pickle, he comes forward and stops them.*]

Old P. Your most obedient humble servant, madam ; well said, fifty, egad. Sir, your most obsequious, Mr. Alexander Mr. Romeo, Mr. Devildum—what, are you in masquerade, eh ? what, John, Thomas, you shall not want attendants, mighty prince

but mayhap, you had rather slept in a castle, great hero—we have a convenient jail close by, where you will be very safe most illustrious chief.

Miss P. Heavens! a jail? poor dear Mr. Tagg, a victim to his love for me. Oh, let us implore his forgiveness, intreat him to release you. [*Little Pickle throws off his disguise.*]

Lit. P. Thus, then, let me implore for pardon. May I presume to offer myself an humble supplicant for mercy, before an offended, a justly offended parent—will he yet listen to my assurance of love and respect, and believe that a repentance, so sincere as mine, will never suffer my heart again to wander from its duty towards him.

Old P. What's this, my son! explain this mystery.

Miss P. [*Aside.*] What an equivoque! my nephew, and not Mr. Tagg—what a situation! where shall I hide my blushes?

Old P. Play no more such tricks.

Lit. P. Tricks! oh, sir, you recollect you have kindly pardon'd them already; and now you must intercede for me, with my aunt, that I may have her forgiveness too, for preventing her from eloping, as she designed, with her tender swain, Mr. Tagg.

Old P. Ay, she shall; 'tis impossible to refuse you any thing.

Lit. P. And do you then indeed, forgive all my faults?

Old P. Forgive them! ah, had you vex'd me as much again, I should be more than repaid by the happiness of this moment.

Lit. P. Kind sir, my joy is then complete, and I will never more offend.

FINALE.

Kind sir, once more receive me	My joy is then completed,
Within a parent's arms;	Would but each generous guest,
Nor drive me forth to wander,	By partial favor smiling,
Exposed to harsh alarms.	Applaud each artless jest.
My duty, love, obedience,	The object of each childish prank,
This penitence secures;	Was merely to amuse you;
Then ne'er adopt another child,	Then censure not the school boy's
For I am only yours.	tricks,
	But laugh at, and excuse me.

CURTAIN FALLS.

THE END.

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.

E JAN 12 11

